

## THE NEW PLAY

Maxine Elliott's  
"Greenwood Tree"  
Is "Jolly Rotten."

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE" is a nice little outing for Miss Maxine Elliott. It gives her rest and recreation, and it is to be hoped it "does her good," for it certainly should bring her some return for the enthusiasm she expends upon it.

"Get excited about it!" she cried as she arranged for her little outing at the Garrick last night—but for the slowly ebbing life of us we couldn't. Neither could Peggy, the sensible little secretary, who couldn't see "the simple life" and Mary Hamilton pictured in glowing colors. When asked for her opinion, Peggy said it was "jolly rotten." We shared her opinion. "Under the Greenwood Tree" was just that. As it branched out, so to speak, it became the silliest play of the season. Oh, for an outing as far away from the Garrick as possible!

It was difficult to believe that Mr. H. V. Edmond, who has several good plays to his name, had prepared this sentimental picnic for Miss Elliott. Perhaps he imagined it was fantastic, perhaps he thought of Harrie and said to himself, "I will go and do likewise." But he didn't.

He gave Miss Elliott nothing to do but look beautiful. Looking beautiful has got to be such an old, old story with the Midnight Maxine that it's remarkable she can find a new way of doing the same old thing. But she does it with the greatest of ease in "Under the Greenwood Tree." She does it in a bathing suit, among other things, and when she cries, "Come and see me dive!" you feel like scrambling over the orchestra chairs and taking her at her word. You would sooner rather see her dive than see the play, but, like your friend Peggy, you are "up against it." You are up against four acts of sentimental piffle unless your legs go on strike and run you off home.

In the first act you feel just as Mary does—you want to get out. She talks of nothing but "freedom," and when she has turned all but one of her train of lovers from the door of her town house she opens a window and raves a bit more. And then she gets a spy van and cuts off poor Peggy and a hapless young chap whose love is too young to suit her. She is looking for an Adam in her garden of Eden, but he is such a long time coming that you grow—fearfully tired of waiting. You get nothing but Miss Elliott in her bathing suit, and even that is left largely to your imagination, for the robe that covers what you would really like to see gives you only a glimpse of stockinged feet. The collar, of course, is pretty, but after all it's only a collar. To be sure, Miss Elliott's even tresses are hanging down her back, and they're not a bit stringy after her swim. She takes her high dive without turning a hair. When she comes back and stretches herself on the grassy bank that gave Mr. Charles Cherry a sprained ankle she tells you there is "only me" under the robe, but not a single pink toe verifies her more or less interesting statement.

Mary's picnic is a distressingly one-sided affair. Though it is rudely broken in upon by a real gypsy, who comes to raise the rent of his van, like any up-to-date landlord, Mary scours him off with a pistol and goes right along picnicking. When the amateur gypsies are told to get off the grass by the young squire on "Does estate she is trespassing," she merely opens her glorious eyes, and the helpless chap goes love-mad under their spell. He begs her to stay, and she asks him to dinner at 5 by the silver moon. He comes in a dinner jacket, and asks her to marry him. They will get a special license, and be married at noon the next day. You are asked to believe that a conventional country squire will take an unknown gypsy to the altar on the run. Lamond! Lamond!

The squire goes away, leaving Mary alone with her first kiss. Then come the wicked gypsies to throw a cloth over Mary's romantic head and bind her to a tree, while they rob the van. But hold! To the rescue springs the noble young squire. A blow on the head settles him. The bad gypsies run away. Peggy returns with the hapless young man who has forced from jail. Mary is unbound and the squire is bandaged and put to bed in the van.

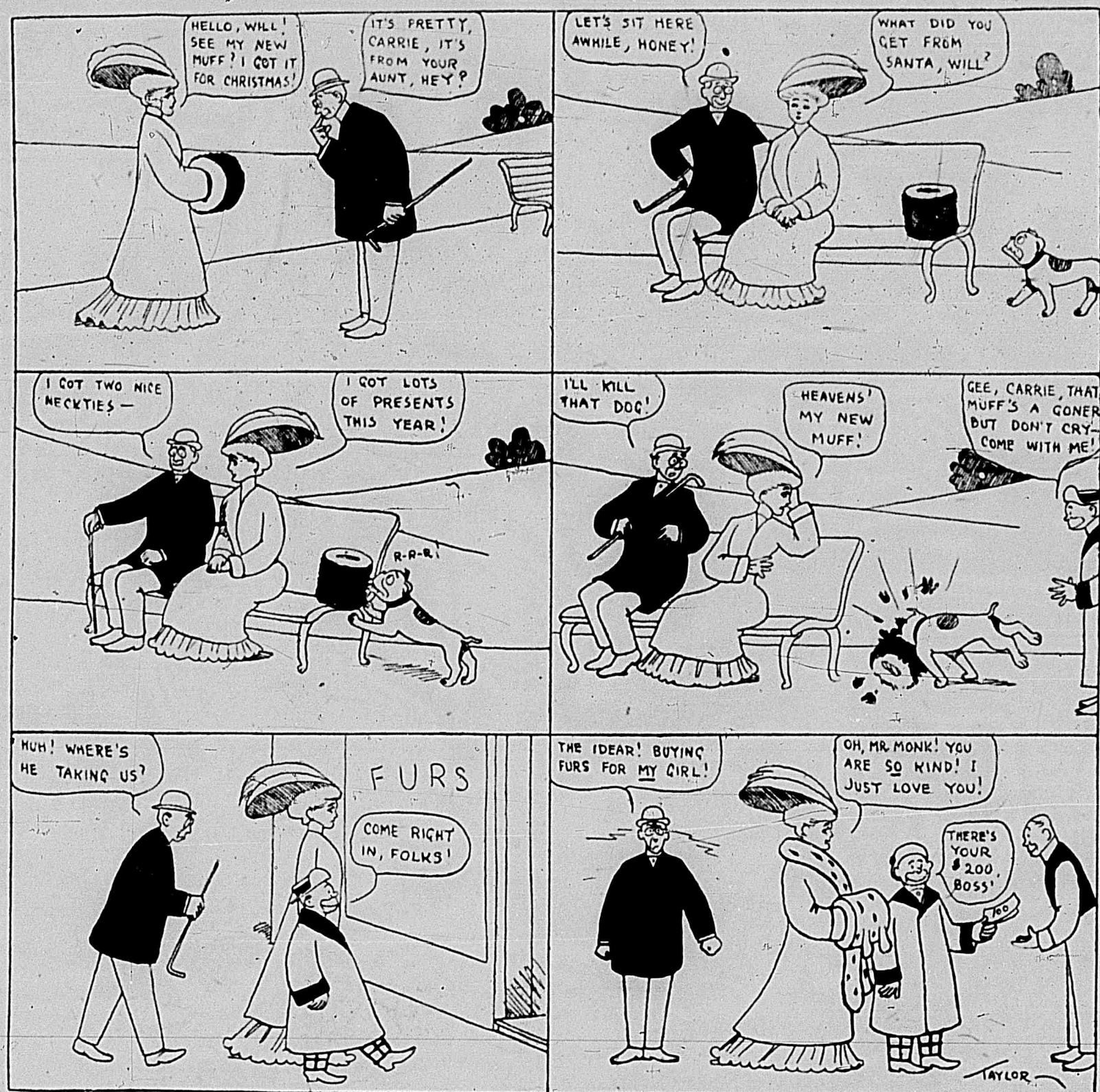
The blow he received has failed to knock the romance out of the squire's head, and when Mary finds in the morning that he is still willing to take her for what she seems, she tells him who she really is, and the silly business is ended.

Miss Mary Jerrold as the crisp and practical Peggy is capital, and Mr. Eric Maurin as the young man who enters into the spirit of the affair by going barefoot is amusing. Mr. Dallas Cairns, who is first aid to Mr. Cherry's sprained ankle, does very well as the squire. Miss Elliott plays her beautiful self beautifully—that is all.

Both Mary and the Squire act like fools. Peggy will tell you so. CHARLES DARTON.

## The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



## Sunshine and Hope Made Tessie's Christmas O. K.

By Gertrude Barnum.

I was in Chicago, the day after Christmas. A fire sale of "slightly damaged" shoes had attracted a crowd, which stretched clear across the sidewalk. As I stepped out into the street to pass by, a laugh rippled along the outer circle of bargain hunters, and, turning, I recognized my old friend Tessie.

"Same old Tessie," I said, delightedly. "Blithe and gay as ever, I see!"

"Well, it wasn't our fire!" she answered. "Why shouldn't we be gay? It's an ill fire that blows nobody any good. We're going to lay in some remnants of shoe leather—might come in handy for mince pie. Most of this crowd is the unemployed. We wear out the soles of our shoes looking for work, and we use the uppers for Christmas dinner. We could give economy talks to the poor that would make the Ladies' Aid Society happy."

As we were pushed along toward the entrance of the store by shabby men, women and children, I studied my neighbors with new sympathy, and remarked that not many of them looked as though they had eaten too much turkey.

"Well," my friend replied, "as for me, I don't mind so much not having a turkey. If any one's just remembered at the end to save me the wishbone, I'm grateful for small favors as long as I have big hopes."

That evening as we nibbled at turkey bones together, in the hospitable kitchen of a mutual friend, Tessie spoke to us more seriously.

"My Christmas was O. K.," she said. "Look at the fine day we had! Every time the sun comes up like it did yesterday I am dead sure this world was

meant for everybody, and everybody is going to have a show in it some day. The sun don't play no favorites. Then when I got the morning paper the first thing I saw was the fire sale—just when so many of us need shoes."

"You got your 'out of work' benefit from the union, don't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I get that all right, and you bet it comes in handy. That's another thing I was thankful for—the union. It ain't so much the benefit money as it is the hope it keeps in us all. That's the greatest thing in life, anyhow—hope."

Sunshine and hope, these had made Tessie's Christmas "O. K." These had kept alive in her a holiday spirit which had spread merriment and good cheer even in the pinched and pitiful waiting line at the fire sale.

As I reflected upon the cynicism hidden in her jokes I wished that all comfortable Americans could profit by Tessie's commentary on selfishness. How she had hit off our philosophy: "It wasn't OUR fire, why shouldn't we be gay? So long as WE have steady work and mince pie and turkeys, why should we care if others have not? Only after we and ours have been overtaken, and nothing is left but the wishbone, do we stop to think of the great unfed, and even then we offer them little besides leavings and sermons on economy. Yet with all our desperate attempts to corner good fortune for our own little circles, happiness evades us and settles upon those who have the larger vision and more generous hope. Blithe in their attic live the dreamers who rejoice in the sunshine because it comforts and cheers all alike. Steady and joyous in their well-worn shoes march the men and women who lead the movements which carry hope to millions who are weighed with the heavy burdens of our nation."

"Tessie," I said, after she had helped out hostess wile and put away the dishes, "I've enjoyed this little kitchen supper more than yesterday's feast."

For answer she got the wishbone from the stovepipe, where it had been drying, and as we snapped it between us, I took it as a good omen when Tessie came off with the lucky end and cried "Here's hoping!"

## HINTS FOR THE HOME

### Corn Oysters.

ONE pint grated green corn or one small can corn, 1 egg, 1 small tea-cup flour, 1 cup butter, salt and pepper to taste. Fry on a griddle in small cakes.

### Tea Cake.

ONE egg, 2-3 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream tartar.

### Current Loaf.

TWO cups bread dough, 1 egg, 1-2 cup sugar, pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons preferred melted shortening, 1 teaspoon favoring or spice, 1 cup floured currants, 1 rounding teaspoon baking powder. Beat the egg, sugar, salt and shortening together in bread pan until you cannot see streaks of dough with wooden spoon, then add currants and extract and sprinkle in

baking powder. Do not forget that. Stir or beat well. Have two pans the same size, put the mixture in one and place it directly in the oven to bake. When commencing to brown turn the other one, hot, over it. Bake about three-quarters of an hour so it will be a nice brown all around.

### Ginger Snaps.

FOUR tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon water. Fill the pan with molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, salt. Flour to roll thin.

### Rice Meringue.

ONE cup boiled rice, one large pint of milk, two eggs, one large cup of sugar, one lemon. Boil the milk, stir in rice, the yolks of the eggs and sugar, and cook thick as soft custard. Take from fire, grate in rind of lemon, pour in buttered dish, beat whites of eggs, add lemon juice and white sugar, pour over pudding and brown. This is delicious.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Girl's Dress—Pattern No. 5836.

Pattern No. 5836 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

### A Case of Self-Denial.

I was beginning to rain, and a man who was on the point of starting for church discovered that there wasn't an umbrella in the house fit for use.

"You can borrow one from the T—s next door," suggested his better half.

"They never go to church," he answered.

"No, Laura," he answered, with firmness, "it is wrong to borrow umbrellas on Sunday. I shall punish myself for my carelessness by not going to church this morning."

### Out of the Mouths of Babies.

MOTHER—Why, Elsie, you don't mean to tell me you took a second piece of cake at Mrs. Neighbor's?

Little Elsie—Yes, mamma. I wanted to show them that I was used to having enough to eat at home.

Small Johnny (at dinner)—Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Oldham?

Mr. Oldham—Thank you, Johnny, as you are so kind, I believe I will.

Small Johnny—Oh, I'm only looking out for myself. Mamma said if it was necessary to cut another pie I could have two pieces.

### How to Keep a Cook.

AFTER a dinner at his friend's house, which he enjoyed hugely, he said: "Excuse me, Jones, but may I ask you how you manage to have such delicious things to eat?"

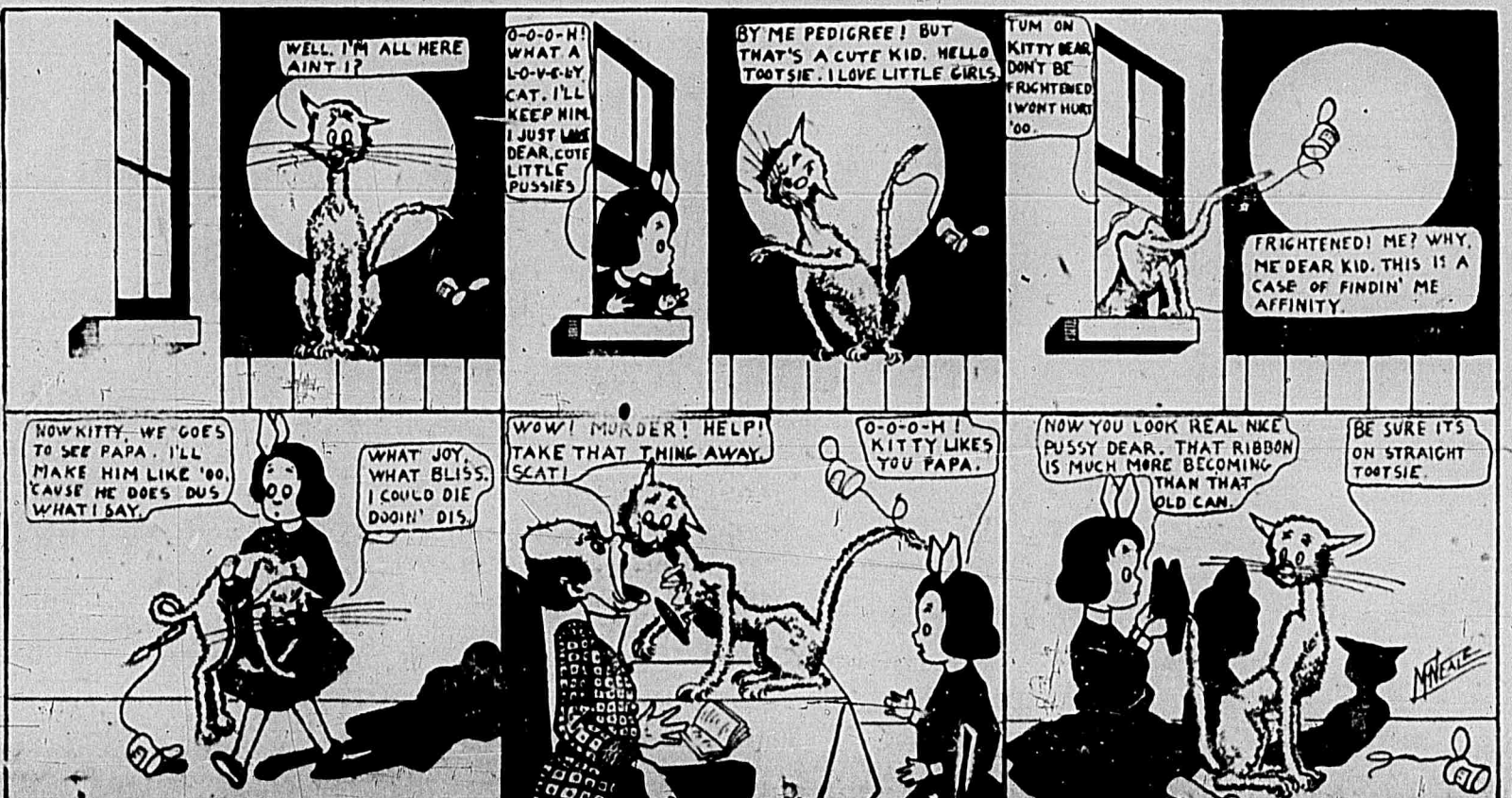
"It's quite simple," replied Mr. Jones. "I always kiss the cook before dinner and hold her on my knee after dinner."

"But what does your wife say?"

"Oh," returned the other, "she don't object; she's the cook."

## Tootsie and Her Cat, Smilax

By M. F. Neale



## The Wheeled Ship Whirls on Its Way

Braced Against the Rigging,  
Holding on for Dear Life, Kirk  
Feels the Strange Craft Career-  
reening Overland.

## The Adventurer

BY Lloyd Osbourne.

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### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lewis Kirkpatrick (nicknamed "Kirk") is a plucky young American, who, stranded in London, enters a mysterious expedition under the leadership of Dr. Von Westbrook, a famous inventor. Dr. Von Westbrook is a German scientist, who has been working on a machine which will enable him to travel on land. Kirk is a member of the expedition, and is a very brave and resourceful man. He is a member of the expedition, and is a very brave and resourceful man. He is a member of the expedition, and is a very brave and resourceful man.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### The Start.

FOR the first time Jackson was beginning to show to advantage. His commanding figure, his bold, resourceful and incisive voice, his cool, resourceful all-seeing confidence and compelled admiration. He seemed to put by that meager self—that touchy, cross-grained, half-hearted Jackson they had learned to know and hate—and asserted a side of his nature that had hitherto been unsuspected.

The Fortuna lay in a fairly good position for the start. It had not been thought necessary to lodge her round to make a fair wind of the sail. It was blowing enough about the beam to insure her against capsizing, and once she was moving she could easily be set on a better course. That is, if she did move. As to this, nobody was very sure except Westbrook and Jackson.

### Disappointment.

The topsail threatened to blow itself out of the bolt-ropes. It seemed incredible that it could withstand the terrific strain. The Fortuna did not move a inch. The sails were, deeply, a sort of life. The vast fabric creaked and the backstays tensed ominously. It was a moment of suspense, of agony. Something had to give. Kirk held his breath and waited for the topsail to split to ribbons.

"Quick with the foresail! Up with her, Mr. Kirkpatrick!"

Thirteen men held the throat of the topsail, and hoisted the sail with a rush. The boom crashed to leeward. The sail reverberated deafeningly, drowning for a time even the gale itself. Up, up it went, with a lusty yea-heave-yeo. The throat halliards were belayed. The loose peak was lashing and fro, spilling and filling with a furious noise. It was stubbornly conquered, and got into position.

"Haul at the foremast!"

The sail resisted, giving way only inch by inch. It carried the weight of the storm, and was likely to rip free and fly away. At every gust Kirk thought to see the last of it. But it was now and stout, and held grimly to the bolt-ropes. Then to his amazement the deck beneath him began to shake and pitch. By George, they were moving! Bump, bump, bump, with men slipping and staggering all about him. But he had no time to look over the weather rail. His eyes were fixed on the captain. He steadied himself against the mast.

### Off at Last.

"Pull, you beggars, pull!" he roared, as the long queue of men flopped over, and the sheet slackened in their hands. He ran in among them himself, and laid his own weight to the rope. Four or five others jumped to help him. Every one was shouting and laughing with exultation. He had a momentary view of the flat, wet prairie speeding by—pools of muddy water—the diminishing crowd behind, waving their caps.

"That will do, Mr. Kirkpatrick!"

"Make her fast, boys! Now, you lubbers, what are you doing with that sheet? Here, like this!"

Then, at last, he was at liberty to see what was going on.

Reeling across the deck he attained the shrouds and sprang up the ratlines. Yes, indeed, she was moving! Her ponderous wheels were sending up a spray of mud and earth, and every time the great hull dipped by the head there was a splash as of some mighty automobile magnified by a thousand. Under that press of sail the Fortuna pounded on with a wild and lumbering velocity that brought the heart to the mouth. Lurching, groaning, discordantly protesting from every part of her fabric, and with a full gale behind her, she drew onward with an indescribable jarring and bumping that seemed at every instant to threaten her destruction. Braced against the rigging, holding on for dear life, Kirk had the startling sensation of scudding over the prairie. As the squall burst the Fortuna freshened her pace and dashed before it.

amid rain and lightning, at a speed so terrific that there went up a cry to shorten sail. But the captain, away on the bridge, and searching the lee horizon ahead with his glass, held on undimmed.

### Into the Unknown.

Behind them were the tents of Fellicad, actually seen and half lost again in the murk and gloom. The poor, desolate fellows had shrunk to mere specks. One of them was waving a tiny flag on a stick—the only attempt to celebrate in any way the departure of the Fortuna. A pitiful leavetaking—that widow's mite of bunting, hardly more than a striped and gaudy handkerchief.

But the sight of it struck a responsive chord in the captain's bosom. He raised the speaking trumpet to his lips. "Mr. Kirkpatrick!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Break out the ensign at the main!"

Kirk bellowed a repetition of the order. A quartermaster staggered aft to get the flag from the chart-room rack. Another cleared the signal halliards. The little ball went up swiftly and jerkily, all eyes watching it. Then, as it reached the truck, it was broken and blew out its vivid colors to the storm. It may be that it was not seen by those they were leaving, but the sight of the Stars and Stripes to the Fortuna themselves was salutary and inspiring. In a time of danger the assertion of coolness and discipline is always beneficial. This trifling act gave new courage to all on board. If Jackson could bolder about a mere flag why should they be in such a sweat for their lives? There was no longer any mutinous outcry to shorten sail. A pipe or two made its appearance. There was a scramble to find shaggy places. Men grinned at one another and even laughed outright as they were along hither and thither by the violent and sudden movements of the ship.

### The Storm.

And all the while she held on her way, four men struggling at the wheel, the sails straining madly, the wind howling, the indelible wheels racing and plunging as they cut into the sodden earth and tore a path to the southward. The ship yawed wildly. Kirk mounted halfway up the mast. His first feeling of dread had given way to a strange elation. It was magnificent thus to be borne along. Danger was forgotten in the exhilaration, the excitement, the thrilling delight of that mighty rush before the gale. Fear had disappeared. Life seemed as nothing in the balance. Standing there between earth and sky he gave himself up to a sense of joy of a sublime and extraordinary kind. Below him the crouching figures of his companions, the careening decks, the whirl of those steels wheels, before him the vast emptiness of the plains, rimmed only by the sky. Behind him the fierce alternations of haze, gloom and driving squalls, with rings of wintry light and bleak, passing vistas of a tempestuous horizon.

Lightning forked and flashed with ear-splitting rapidity, the wind opened. The close-reefed sails strained furiously in the bolt-ropes with a menacing note of disaster—a hoarse and awful murmur—as though any moment they might tear themselves to shreds. Jackson, with the speaking trumpet to his lips, attempted in vain to make himself heard above the storm. Hardly a word could be understood. But his convulsed face and gesticulating hands showed that something was amiss. He gave the trumpet to one of the men clinging to the rail beside him, and made unmistakable gestures to take in sail.

### "Very Smartly Done!"

Kirk slipped down the rigging, and mounted out his men from the nooks where they had taken shelter. The captain's motions were so peremptory that he judged it advisable to let everything go with a run, cost what it might. He let fly the fore-topsail halliards, and allowed the sail to beat, and the other while he applied himself to getting down the foresail. He put every man he could muster on the clew rope, and soon had the great sail on deck, where it gave them a lively tussle, as it belled and floundered; the forecastle men hauled down and stowed the jib. The Fortuna came to a gentle standstill. Her deck became solid underfoot, and the relief was so peculiar, so stirring, so momentous that every attempt to walk, was indescribably welcome. Even at her smoothest running one could only move in little rushes, catching at a fresh support at the instant of letting go the old. A crablike progress, ludicrous to see, both irksome and dangerous, making the handling of the ship excessively difficult.

Kirk strode aft to see what was the matter, after first clamping the fore-topsail with a dozen hands and then ordering them aloft to turl it. The captain met him at the break of the poop.

"Very smartly done," he said, approvingly.

"Has anything happened, sir?"

"No, it's only those speaking tubes, Crawshaw will have to do something with them. Haines tell me that half the time he can't get the helmsman to listen—can't attract their attention."

"Could you hear Mr. Haines yourself, sir?"

"Why, the thing only gives a little squeak. He might be yelling blue murder, for all I'd know about it. What if we ran into a hummock or struck a gully? Haines up there is no more use to me than if he were in a balloon. Find Crawshaw and send him to meet me. He's coming."